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The Daily Tar Heel

86th year of editorial freedom

University has lost sight of past priorities

By CRAIG BROWN

The choice of Andy Griffith as keynote speaker for Chapel Hill's 185th University Day would seem at first notice appropriate, even felicitous. Griffith's down-to-earth talent, his unpretentious accomplishments seem to epitomize a University with deep and valuable roots in red clay, whose branches nevertheless reach out boldly beyond its state lines. Griffith's talents, like those of Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, Vermont Royster and many others, were nurtured in four valuable years here and later embraced by the nation at large.

But as we near the completion of two centuries of University history, we must wonder if the University is still committed to producing young Griffiths or Wolfes any longer. We must wonder if Griffith's presence at the podium today will be an appropriate symbol or rather a cruel and ironic joke. For Andy Griffith will be honored by the University which has de-emphasized the very curriculum that helped prepare him for his accomplishments as an actor.

Thus, Griffith will be honored in the same paradoxical way Paul Green was recently honored. Green had a building named for him, but that building will not be used to carry on the amateur theater tradition (according to some the oldest in the nation) which gave Wolfe, Green and other raw talent a creative outlet and an opportunity to develop a sense of the theater. None

of the playwriting classes so highly touted by Green and other successful writers will be taught in the new building or any other.

Does it make any sense?

What does it mean when the University honors its distinguished alumni, yet makes no effort to maintain the traditions it has begun? In a larger sense, what does it mean when the University abandons some of the liberal principles which have set it apart from similar institutions across the country? What does it mean when the University is merely content to preserve the status quo, rather than strive for something better?

Today, in case you're wondering what all the self-satisfied commotion is about, marks the 185th anniversary of the University of North Carolina's existence. Bands will play, colorful processions will march, speeches will be made. The annual demonstration of the Black Student Movement may take place to remind us that things aren't quite as rosy as we're led to believe. If nothing else, the average student will have a couple of classes cancelled.

University Day, 1978. Today, speeches will affirm the University's role as a leading educational institution in the South, as a liberal oasis in a conservative state, as a great national university. All of these statements have a ring of truth in them. Reality, however, falls far short of these ideals. For the University, we contend, has lost sight of its original visions. Once emboldened by a liberal purpose and leading by example, it has

slid into the mediocre mainstream of American higher education.

The flame that once lit the South is flickering. Some progress, to be sure, has been made. The Carolina Union is attracting some big-name rock groups to campus. New buildings are springing up everywhere. "Carolina Fever" has struck the football team, resulting in a 1-3 record.

Progress? Pageantry aside, University Day should represent a time of critical self-examination. What better time, then, to begin discussing the University's weaknesses as well as its strengths? Just how good a job is the University doing in educating its students? Do present course requirements, especially in the General College, provide a coherent education? Do administrative policies match the principles that administrators voice?

The list of possible questions is almost endless. We will examine these questions, and others, in a series of articles, and suggest possible reforms and improvements. The University has been content to live on its laurels from the past. We will challenge it—the administration, the faculty, and the students—to reject the complacency of recent years, and to embrace once again the tradition of excellence that has made the University what it is today.

Craig Brown is a senior political science and history major from Iowa City, Iowa.

Suspicious silence

I love my job. I love the University. And I care for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

—Hayden B. Renwick

Nearly a month has passed since Hayden B. Renwick, associate dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, first publicly charged that UNC has been less than forward in its commitment to increase black enrollment. It has been almost 30 days since Renwick first told the people of North Carolina that UNC has denied admission to qualified black applicants while granting admission to less qualified whites—all in the face of repeated pledges to step up minority enrollment and repeated complaints that the pool of qualified minority applicants is too small to meet the goal. And still, Renwick's peers in the administration have remained quiet, offering no substantive rebuttal to his serious accusations.

Last week, the University issued its only meaningful counter to Renwick's damning charges. Chancellor N. Ferebee Taylor released the 1978-79 enrollment statistics a few weeks early in the wake of the admissions controversy, and they indicate a 30 percent increase in the number of blacks in the freshman class. Yet even that, response, while interesting, was a smokescreen. It served to muddle—and almost bury—the issue, as did the administration's refusal to allow Renwick his customary access to certain admissions files and documents. A 30 percent increase is laudable, but not if a 40, 50, 60 or even 100 percent increase were possible. That is the crux of Renwick's arguments, and it has been ignored altogether by the University.

The strange and suspicious silence in South Building, however, may break soon. According to Anthony Strickland, assistant director of undergraduate admissions, the administration is studying Renwick's accusations and plans to issue a statement that should answer the troubling questions about UNC admissions that are sweeping across the state.

Given the University's past performance in the still young Renwick controversy, this period set aside for study of the charges and drafting of statements could just as well be the ample time needed to formulate and memorize a consistent, safe and utterly deceiving party line.

The University's commitment to minority students is serious business—something never to be resolved in a day. But it is also serious enough to warrant immediate frankness and truthfulness from the administration; thus far, the University has not met that need. If the administration cares for the University as much as Dean Renwick does, and puts the University above all other concerns as Renwick has, then UNC can get down to the business of evaluating—and perhaps revising—its commitments.

Misplaced labels

A great deal of attention has been focused lately upon UNC's Greek system. Judging from the barrage of letters and columns that have appeared on this page recently, fraternities and sororities are taking quite a beating. Citing the fact that the Greek community is but a subculture of the campus as a whole, opinions have been rampant from both within and without the unit's periphery. Negative criticism towards fraternities stems largely from the practicality of stereotyping: similar interests are likely to attract similar people. Under the threat of conformity, so the argument goes, the individual within the system stands to lose his personal identity. Parallel ideas and dress seem to be the norm.

Even if these observations are legitimate, such concerns regard the harmless aspects of Greek life. Most stabs taken at the system are satirical in nature, touching on the often easily recognizable but hardly threatening commonalities.

On the other hand, the positive contributions made by fraternities more directly affect our community. Sigma Chi's Derby Day, ZBT's Mile of Pennies and KKG's Dance-a-thon—to name but three—donate hundreds of hours labor and raise thousands of dollars for charitable causes. These activities indicate a strong sense of responsibility within the moral character of the participants.

A misplaced label of pure conformity will accompany fraternities and sororities throughout their existence. From their official inception at UNC in 1851, Greek organizations had to contend with both objective and subjective criticism. History has shown that they have overcome critical adversity to remain at their current role: sources of alternative lifestyle and unselfish contribution to the community.

The Bottom Line

A friend in Spiritual Poverty writes:

Having been at this University for some time now—and in the minds of some, quite a bit longer than is either desirable or even remotely defensible—we have been fortunate enough to have had our share of the lighter moments which make this existence both preferable to the logical alternative and quite a bit better than the prospects proffered by, say, central South Carolina.

Perhaps more than our share; those same parties, after all, who might question our need for being here at all would doubtless be among the first, if one were to ask them, to agree that our sense of the ridiculous is at once bizarre and virtually all-encompassing.

Not that this propensity for being bent double with mirth literally at the drop of a hat—and indeed the sight of several thousand Naval Academy midshipmen tossing their caps into the air simultaneously in reaction to a touchdown once cause us to begin to hemorrhage—is all the yuks you might think it would be.

For alas, one of the most amusing of this life's phenomena to us is the misuse of language. Nothing, it seems, is so sublimely gut-busting as the inane vagueries, the hapless gibberings, of the linguistic pygmies we inevitably encounter.

What tends to dampen our hilarity, however, is the stunning frequency with which they have come to our attention in recent weeks. We are only human, after all; we can only take so much.

And we are not to be ranked with those weak souls who sag and fold up like Hunger Hut french fries on first catching sight of a brutalized syntax or a Technicolor metaphor. Heck, we read the sports pages of the *Durham*

Morning Herald. We have a subscription to *Newsweek*. We work for the *DTH*, for chrissakes.

But we had not reckoned with empiricism.

We had not reckoned with it, because we had not been exposed to it for many years, having been driven from it at an early age. Ironically, we had been driven from it because we had felt that it was too much concerned with precision.

Imagine then, if you will, our surprise—and indeed our pronounced discomfort—at being forcibly returned to it now, in the twilight of our academic career, only to find its profession taken over by a distractingly, in fact killing, funny group of people.

Are we, for example, supposed to maintain the decorum expected of us in class when superbly straight-faced professors go through terms like "snarl" words" or "utility maximization" like so many potato chips? Worse still, what is to be made of a term like "group processes" except belly cramps and blue-faced gasping?

We do not despair of a Resolution of our Conflict Situation, however. Indeed, we prognosticate a Partial or perhaps even Total Enculturation of Intellectualizational Parameters, Perceptual Awarenesses, and Behavioral and Emotional Orientations which, coupled with the Ongoing Development of a Functional Motivational Immunization to the Dynamic Processes of Value-Realization, could well result in Self-Actualization of both Personality Priorities and Learned-Response Potentialities.

We may even land a Management Position.

And that's the Bottom Line.

Letters to the editor

Don't pass up chance to meet with trustees

To the editor:

Ralph Strayhorn, Walter Tucker and Walter Davis (not Sweet D)—most students probably don't have any idea who these people are. They don't teach any courses around here. You won't see them coaching any Carolina athletic teams from the sidelines. It's even doubtful that you'll find their signatures on one of the many forms which you fill out for University purposes. Yet these men and their positions with the University are well worth knowing about. These are members of the Board of Trustees of the University.

It is this board, made up of 12 prominent North Carolinians, and your student body president that are responsible for many of the decisions which affect not only the long-range plans of the University, but its day-to-day existence as well. To make these decisions responsibly, the trustees must know the attitudes, problems and needs of the students on this campus. By the same token, if students are to improve their situation around here, they must know the correct channels to go through if they are to bring about change.

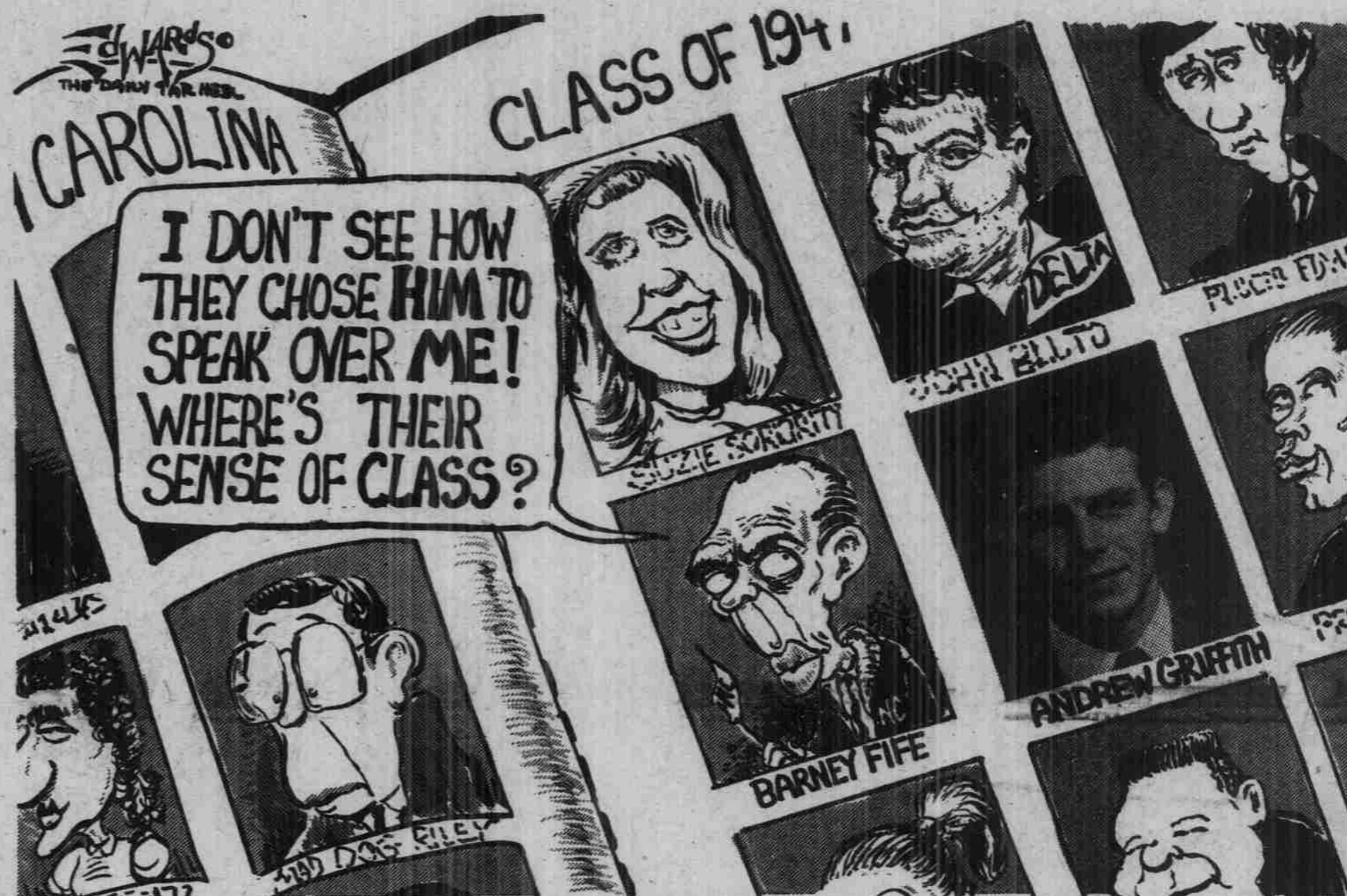
In hopes that this exchange can become more open and produce positive results, Student Government is sponsoring an open meeting with the Board of Trustees. At 9 tonight in rooms 202-204 of the Union, the members of the Board of Trustees will make themselves available to listen to students and their complaints, concerns, or praises regarding the University. This is a golden opportunity for the students to make themselves heard. Do NOT miss it.

Jim Phillips
Student body president

Apology to Cohen

To the editor:

This is a formal letter of apology in reference to my previous letter ("Hogwash," *DTH*, Oct. 11). In that letter I made a statement about Chapel Hill Alderman Gerry Cohen that I now realize was false. I accused Mr. Cohen of blaming Jesse Helms because Mr. Cohen was not always in his office. HOGWASH! Mr. Cohen is not only a very hard working individual, but he didn't even make that statement, as he made clear to me. I misunderstood Gerry's statement on the radio. What he did say was that Jesse Helms is just one of the things that Chapel Hill residents have to complain about. I obviously wasn't listening as well as I thought I was, and I humbly apologize. I still stand by the rest of my letter, but to the editors, the students and especially Mr. Cohen, I



offer my heartfelt apology for my obvious error.

Richard Rand
212 Graham

Pass the SALT

To the editor:

I am compelled to ask, with regard to Tuesday's editorial ("Nuclear madness," *DTH*, Oct. 10), "Why waste newspaper space?" It seems, unfortunately, fairly representative of this year's editorials as a whole. The best that can be said for it is that it is certainly non-controversial. Who can help but agree, for surely none of us is against world peace or for "instant incineration." The SALT talks offer excellent material for a really thought-provoking editorial, some of which was at least mentioned Tuesday.

For instance, has the new SALT agreement been watered down to the point where it will be nothing but a political victory for President Carter? This is a valid and important question, when one considers what the new agreement will not mention. It is reported that the new SALT accord will allow (a) the United States to develop a new "penetration" bomber equivalent to the Soviet "Backfire" bomber; (b) both sides to continue to deploy new submarine

systems (the Trident, in the case of the United States); (c) both sides to continue development on new missile systems. In this area, the United States is developing the MX mobile missile and considering other ideas such as the MAP (multiple aim-point) system, which does not use any new missiles, but is just as disturbing in its implications for deterrence and treaty verification. The Soviets are developing, and perhaps have finished, a mobile missile system of their own.

In the face of these omissions (so-called "compromises"), can any SALT agreement give us any real safeguards against a nuclear exchange, or really be termed disarmament?

With a little thought and maybe even some research (heaven forbid!), the *DTH* editorial writer could have used this or any of a number of salient points dealing with SALT and arms policy and written an interesting and timely editorial (and with luck, displaced "The Bottom Line"). Instead, we get a brief, general pile of mishmash that anyone who reads *Newsweek* every other issue could have written. As with the SALT talks, I will hold out hope for improvement in the future.

Christopher Holoman
Carrboro

Pedestrian primacy

To the editor:

The waters of fraternal primacy are murky and deep, indeed. Friends, let us not weary ourselves with the pedestrian dispute of primacy; let us get to the point. Where would the "top-notch" rushee of April, 1885 have pledged up? With what fledgling house would Silent Sam, for example, or Davie Poplar have cast his allegiance? More pertinent: where did the Delta Kapsit sit during the 1885 football season? Was the Fiji jukebox louder indeed during that initial rush? Did the Fiji wear Ray-Bans back then? These questions, and more like them, plague us even today. Where does the DKE parking lot end, and the Phi Gam lot begin?

Gentlemen, a call for resolution: these sort of questions need not be debated on the back page of the *Daily Tar Heel*, a forum that is truly democratic. Come forth, Phi and Di. This debate belongs in the exalted halls of rhetoric.

E. Mann
Carrboro Civic Center

Boony breakdowns: everybody gets 'em

By ALLEN JERNIGAN

It could happen anywhere. Anytime.

In your own driveway, in the Union parking lot, even on Fall Break weekend.

It's kind of like when you wait in line an hour and a half at the Hunger Hut, only to emerge and find there's no place to sit and wrestle with your still-breathing meal.

Yeah boy, it does happen. I bet it even happens to Bill Friday. It seems to happen to Dick Crum every Saturday. I'm talking about that sick sort of feeling you get that tells you your arm's too short to box with HEW or Miami of Ohio—to say nothing of God.

Like when your car breaks down in Rameur, N.C.

Rameur is about the only place this side of Duke that is about as close as you can get to nowhere and still claim to be somewhere. If for

some reason you're driving from Pittsboro to Asheboro on U.S. 64, you'll know you've gone through Rameur, unless you blink your eyes.

It's not that the friendly folks down thataway won't lend a helping hand, but you suddenly realize how far you are from friends, fraternity and Franklin Street when your car dies somewhere other than the Hill.

And it's not that you can't find a good mechanic either, but the chances are that he's setting up the police chief's brother-in-law's second cousin's 396 Chevy for the big drag race next weekend. If not, he's slow as molasses anyway, and can't get to it until next week.

But you're not sunk. The obvious solution is to fix it yourself. After all, you've got a screw driver, a crescent wrench and a pair of pliers in the trunk. The only thing to do is remember the three rules for home style auto mechanics:

1. If you can't fix it, at least don't mess it up worse than it already is.
2. Trace the fire and the gas. If

you're missing one or the other (or both), and you know which one, you're well on the road to repair.

3. If it's getting gas and fire, then throw up your hands and go drink a cold one, 'cause you got problems.

You know what gas is and you know what fire is, but how they get through all that garbage under the hood to make the car run is at best unclear. Between all the wires and hoses and whatchamacallits, you can't even find the motor.

Give up? Here's where that spirit that got you through English I, and even worse, English II? After all, you could call the service station. But that costs money, plus a towing fee. And you know about towing fees from that time you were a freshman and parked in the fire lane behind Morrison.

But you can always call Big City, that's B.C. for short, and see if he'll cut Nutrition 50 for the 10th time and come bail you out. Like the time you almost waited in the drop add line at

Woolen until he led you downtown, bought you a beer and asked you what your problem was. Or the time he distracted the lifeguard who thought you were drowning at the swimming test, thereby entitling you to the little blue card that certifies that it takes you longer than 5 minutes to drown.

No, we'll hold on B.C. After all, Fall Break is coming up, and this could have happened on the way to Ocracoke. And if you think Rameur is the boonies, just remember it's between high places in the swamps, away down east.

So you call the service station, and a good ol' boy comes over wearing a CAT hat and a skeptical grin. He charges you \$5 to put enough gas in your car to get it to the station, and never says a word, until you leave.

Yeah boy, it happens to everybody. Ocracoke, here I come.

Allen Jernigan, a junior English major from Raleigh, is photography editor for the *Daily Tar Heel*.